

NEVER MIND IT.

Never mind the weather,
If it's wet or dry;
Singing on together,
Be springtime by 'n' by!

Never mind the weather,
If it's tall or snow;
Somewhere stars are shinin'—
Somewhere roses grow.

Never mind the weather,
When the fire-flakes fall;
Winter time's a comin'—
Ice enough for all!

Never mind the weather—
World is mighty big;
Keep up with the lightnin'—
Let the thunder dance a jig!

Never mind the weather,
Take the good an' ill;
Good Lord made it for you,
An' He's runnin' of it still!

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

DAUGHTER OF THE CAVALIERS.

BY MARION V. DORSEY.

The Copleys were spending the winter in Munich, so that Bert might go on to Heidelberg and Ethel pursue her musical studies under good masters.

There was another reason, too. Their income was not what it used to be, and having decided that a sojourn in this German city was the most economical plan, they were soon busy settling themselves in a quiet old house on the Carlinen-Platz. Margaret found it quite possible to make the room look familiar and home-like. The same pictures, books and bric-a-brac were placed as they had been in the colonial mansion on Mount Vernon place, in far-away Baltimore, and it is the household gods, after all, that reconcile us to the inevitable changes.

It was for her own room that she kept her father's portrait, the unopened brass box bequeathed to her in his will, and the musty books, which she alone found interesting.

Here everything showed age but the reflection in the toilet mirror. The windows were draped in the tapestry brought from England by Sir Lionel Copley, the first Governor of the Province of Maryland. Over the fireplace, immediately under her father's aristocratic profile, her revolutionary ancestor's sword was crossed on its scabbard. A valance of much-mended Cluny lace, the gift of Queen Anne to a maid of honor, who was of Margaret's name and lineage, festooned the mantel edge, and on the wall, framed in relics of "charter oak," hung the original grant for Bonny Venture, their homestead in Cecil, bearing Lord Baltimore's seal and signature.

Only in such fitting environment was this fair descendant of the cavaliers content to dream her dreams and see her visions, and now they were not always glorified by vanished greatness; youth and love were striving for mastery over the hereditary tendency to sacrifice the living present to an errant veneration for the past.

People invariably called Margaret Copley a distinguished looking girl, and yet her beauty was far from being that assertive type which usually wins this expression of admiration. She was as fine, fragile and polished as one of her grandmama's Sevres teacups, but an analytical observer would find himself baffled by the resisting power that sometimes shone in her soft, brown eyes and was indicated by her delicately firm chin. Her full, curved lips, like those of a bas-relief, would have laughed to scorn the idea that she was "classifiable." She held herself to be something distinctly different from all other young women, in that she was self styled, progressive, conservative, and that rare avis, a feminine antiquarian.

The months passed pleasantly and quickly while the Copleys were making acquaintance with the city of cathedrals and palaces, and their daily mail left them nothing to complain of in their friends across the sea.

Paul Harcourt, the good comrade of Margaret's childhood and girlhood, had begun by writing her letters filled with enthusiasm for the work he had planned to do as a scientific specialist at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, where he had already won distinguished recognition for the successful operation of his advanced ideas in the department of clinics. He was intensely, eagerly modern, and held precedent in veneration only in so far as it gave the clearest reasons for the infallibility of its why and wherefore.

As Margaret Copley's absence lengthened he no longer tried to restrain his pen from gliding into personal allusions which should convey some intimation of the hope he held dearer than fame.

One day she had been many hours at the Pinacotheca, drinking in the beauties of Raphael, Rembrandt and Fra Bartolomeo, and thence with tired and aimless, upon the lounge in her mother's sitting room, and lay there in calm enjoyment of Ethel's skilfully executed fantasy, when her rosy cheeked maid brought in the letters.

There were two for Margaret and several for her mother, who was returning calls.

"One from Paul," she said to herself, with delightful anticipation, "and one from Bert," with much less interest.

From the next room the melody still rippled forth, and on the table close beside the couch a bunch of Parma violets breathed an exquisite fragrance which, with the music and the words of overwhelming love on the written page, blended together in a soul subduing minor trio.

"He loves me! he loves me! Oh, dream of my life!" she cried, burying her face upon her folded arms as if to hide from unseeing eyes its supreme exaltation. A new glory had come upon the earth, the glory that crowns but the one moment of hope's fruition.

She knew now that the rich promise, all the possibilities of Paul Harcourt's earnest, noble manhood were

hers to share and encourage. She knew now that achievement and fame were less dear to him than her answering love.

The Chopin fantasy rippled on, from faintest sounds to silence.

Presently Ethel came in and picked up the paper that came with their mail. Scanning it over she said suddenly: "Here is something that will interest you, sister. It's about the historical society. It offers a thousand dollars for some old records. Margaret, are you asleep?"

But no answer.

"Gracious!" said Ethel, tiptoeing away, "I thought she would wake from the dead if any one mentioned old record."

When her sister was out of hearing Margaret raised herself on her elbow and reached for the flowers.

"Ah," she said, laying them against her flushed face, "I don't want to think about the dead past just now, but about—about—the actual future!"

It was not her habit to mention getting a letter from Bert until after she had read it for fear it should contain some confidence not intended for an eye or ear but hers. He had promised to confess to her if he should be guilty even of "gentlemanly peccadilloes," as he termed his waywardness; so it was not until she had kissed her mother and Ethel a happier good night than usual that she sat down by her own lamplight to read this one.

Bert had been very complaining of late, and it was always money, money. She had been sending him nearly all her own allowance, and did not see how she could do more; but the first few lines showed her that there was something worse than a renewed demand for money, and that disgrace, open disgrace, would be the penalty if it were not forthcoming.

With white lips and eyes afame with indignation, she read on, each word brandishing shame upon her heart and brain. It ran:

"My Dearest and Best Sister—Do you remember what you said to me on the ocean about helping me out of a scrape? Well, I'm in the worst one you could imagine, and, Margaret, you must help me, or our good name will be blackened forever. While half crazed with wine I took \$800 from my room mate Simpson—you recollect him—and a dozen of us went on a ten days' spree. I did not know what I was doing, sis, indeed, I didn't, and that sad says he always despised our pretensions, and will certainly give me over as a scoundrel unless every cent is refunded in a month."

"I feel more for you and mamma than myself."

"Yours, in everlasting regret,

"BERT."

She sat like one to whom the death sentence had just been read—wide-eyed, dazed. Slowly the reality of it all, its horrible truthfulness, left its outward sign of her inward conflict.

The letter fell from her trembling fingers to the floor, where it lay with the miserable sheet, and pushing it from her toe of her slim, arched slipper, stood looking down on it with no trace of pity about her eyes or mouth; only scorn unutterable.

"There is a mere 'gentlemanly peccadillo,' I suppose," she said in a harsh, unnatural voice. "A Copley! a Copley! Oh, my father, that a son of yours should have done this thing!" and she threw herself prostrate before Copley's unresponsive effigy. "Help me to keep disgrace from your dear, dear name. For any cost to me. Oh, my dear father, it shall be kept unsplashed!"

She lay there till the great cathedral clock struck one, trying to make a way out of this terrible difficulty, yet finding none. She knew that their quarterly income was not due for weeks, and besides she had breathed a vow to her father, whose spirit she felt to be a real presence, that her sweet, timid mother and Ethel should be spared all knowledge of Bert's sin if she alone could prevent its exposure.

Suddenly, like an inspiration, she thought of what her sister had said about the notice in the Baltimore paper when she had been so wrapped in love's young dream that she scarcely heeded her, took her night candle and cautiously made her way down stairs. There lay the paper. All was still, the quiet sleepers unconscious of the tragedy being enacted under the same roof that sheltered them.

Back to her room once more, she sought the paragraph with feverish eagerness till at last it caught her eye. A long account of the Maryland Historical Society wound up by saying: "And those old records, dating from about 1635 to 1700, have never been found. Among them is supposed to be a list of those who emigrated to the province at the time, and for the sake of important work to be completed the society offers \$1,000 for such information from an authentic source."

"The brass box!" she cried hysterically.

From the secret drawer of an antique escritoire, in the corner of the room, she took a tiny key, with a bit of black ribbon tied to it, and hastily fitted it into the curious lock which she had studied and wondered about from toddling infancy. In all her imaginings she had never dreamed that, like Pandora's box, it held her own woe.

There were dozens of parchments, some of which dated back to Chalbourne's time, and there, tied together with personal letters of Sir Lionel Copley, was the long missing list.

The old fascination came over her in full force. She set books, papers, weights, everything, on the curling parchment, flattening it out on the table before her. There were many familiar names, those of her life long friends, and many of whom she had never heard. Low down on the list her eye fell upon the words, pale, dim, but legible—"Paul Harcourt, et al."

"The drest place in the world is said to be that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile. Rain has never been known to fall there, and the natives do not believe travelers when told that water falls from the sky."

Minutes ticked off into hours, and she still sat gazing, till all the page seemed covered with "valet, valet," and presently the odious word began

to move upon the time worn document. It had legs, arms—a person!

It was bowing servilely. Now it is brushing a pair of top boots, and ah, is bringing towels and the bath!

All the cavalier blood in her veins seemed breathing, beating in an angry surge against her throbbing temples, and misery, the like of which she had not thought it possible for mortal to suffer, laid hold upon her soul. The shame of Bert's conduct was nothing to this shame—nothing!

"Oh, heaven!" she groaned in agony of spirit, making a groping effort to find the window; "I am going mad."

She got the sash up and let the damp, refreshing air blow from the window; "I am going mad."

Still moving unsteadily, she opened a cabinet near by and took out a finely finished photograph.

"No, no," she said sternly; "that patrician nose, that sensitive mouth did not come of a valet's stock. But why am I trying to convince myself? Don't I know it was all an optical illusion?"

Replacing the manly presentiment of the modern Paul Harcourt in the cabinet, Margaret Copley stood irresolute, and then, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, dragged herself back to the table and leaned against it, toying with its contents, while delaying the moment of sure conviction.

A small bronze statuette of Clito, with recording quill in hand, weighted one corner of the record. She snatched it up and flung it through the open window.

"Break into a thousand pieces, liar!" she cried passionately; "break as you have broken my heart," and, stooping quickly, she once more saw the—towels and bath.

"Father," she sobbed despairingly, her vehement emotion having spent itself and left her benumbed with pain and bewilderment, "father, I loved him so, and—I love him still. I would give my life to keep the world from seeing this blasting word, but I am your daughter. I will save the name of Copley. That day—you went away—you said: 'Do what is best with them.' Oh, it is best to sell these things to save ourselves, or best to destroy it, for Paul's sake."

She fell heavily, closing down the lid of the brass box with a metallic crash that brought her mother and Ethel running, panic stricken, to her room.

They hurriedly got her into bed and sent for a physician.

"She has worn herself out over those musty old papers," Mrs. Copley complained resentfully. "My poor, dear child will kill herself worrying over such things."

In the delirium of fever which followed she talked so incessantly about Bert that the doctor ordered him home.

"I shall certainly send it, Bert, never fear," she whispered to him when he bent down to kiss her one day. She thought he had just come, but he had been there a week.

"My head is quite clear now. Go, get that parchment on the table. You will see list of names on it. Yes, that's it. Seal it up and direct it to the Maryland Elizabeth Historical Society and inclose a note telling the librarian it was among papa's papers; he'll know. And tell him he must telegraph payment to our bank on the day of its receipt. Send it now, and please don't ask me any questions; I'm tired," and she turned her quivering face to the wall.

Some days later, Margaret, pale and sad eyed, was lying once more on the sitting room lounge. Her own room was a horror to her. For the first time in her life its antiquity seemed naught but ghostliness, and she felt its atmosphere would stifle her feeble efforts toward regaining health and strength. Bert sat beside her, waiting to take his mother to a choral service in the cathedral.

"By the way, sis," he said, carefully, "whose name do you suppose I saw on the old list, or whose ancestor's, rather."

"Whose?" she answered, faintly, deftly holding a large feather fan at a sewing angle.

Bert leaned back in his chair and gave one of his careless laughs.

"Why I happened to lay my magnifying glass down on your table one day when I first came, and going to pick it up later I saw under it 'Paul Harcourt and valet,' as big as primer letters."

"And valet?" she queried, faintly, deftly holding a large feather fan at a sewing angle.

"Oh, but it was," Bert insisted;

"I swear by the eternal gratitude to you I saw the 'and' as plain as day through the glass, but it was too faded to see without, so traced the letters in pale ink and made them look just like the rest. It wasn't any harm, was it?"

On the instant the great bell rang out its first jubilant note, and she was left alone with more music in her heart than was pealing from the throats of all the choristers in the church. All was still, the quiet sleepers unconscious of the tragedy being enacted under the same roof that sheltered them.

"The drest place in the world is said to be that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile. Rain has never been known to fall there, and the natives do not believe travelers when told that water falls from the sky."

Wedding of the Future.

Here's a sample of a wedding notice ten years hence, as foreseen by the Atchison Globe: "The bride looked very well in a traveling dress, but all eyes were centered on the groom. He wore a dark suit that fitted perfectly his manly form, a large bouquet decorated his coat lapel and in his daintily gloved hand he carried a bouquet of American beauties. His hair was cut close and a delicate odor of barbers' oil floated down the aisle as the bride passed. The young people will miss him now that he is married. He is loved by all for his many accomplishments, his tender graces and his winning ways. The bride commands a good salary as a bookkeeper in St. Joseph and the groom will miss none of the luxuries to which he had been accustomed. A crowd of pretty young men saw them off at the depot."

The drest place in the world is said to be that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile. Rain has never been known to fall there, and the natives do not believe travelers when told that water falls from the sky."

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LINES OF THE FIGURE.

SOME LEGITIMATE DEVICES FOR THEIR CORRECTION.

A Woman Can Do Pretty Much as She Pleases with Her Shape—Selection of Sketches Illustrating Points of Form and Adornment.

Dresses that Deceive.

New York Correspondent.

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OT much can be done for an unlovely face, which more often than not proves a hopeless handicap. With the figure it is different, and the entirely legitimate devices for its correction are many. A woman can do pretty much as she pleases with her back; she can make it narrow or wide to suit her own ideas of beauty, or she can control the curve of the hips and the lines between the shoulders; in short, the homeliest, flat-chested woman can make you believe her charming when she turns her back on you.

There are, however, two admissible styles of back one, and the favorite, rises with vase-like curve from a small round waist. The first and second pictures illustrate this type. The vase-curve is a long one and under the arms the lines spread gracefully, in suggestion of the full bust line. Between the shoulders horizontally the back is absolutely flat, neither rounding out nor in the least bowed in, as results from throwing the shoulders away back in the mistaken notion that thus the figure is improved. This line from shoulder to shoulder should be about as long as half way round the waist, a narrow back being always beautiful. The line starting from the horizontal shoulder line and ending at the waist line should curve distinctly and gracefully, bending as it approaches the waist line, and at the waist beginning the outward curve, which extends below and is one of the most important lines in a woman's figure. This back is worth living, and if you haven't it, it is worth buying or even making entirely. For a tall woman inclined to slenderness about the hips, it is the only suitable back.

The second sort is much shorter waisted, and while flat across the

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